

The Historie of

Prince. Come hither Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Francis. For looth fve yeares, and as much as to

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Prince. Fve yeares. ber lady along lease for the chyncking of Pewter: But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone sir.

Prince. How old art thou Francis?

Francis. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, it was but a penny worth, walt not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anone.

Prince. Anon Francis? No Francis but to morrow Francis, or Francis, on thurseday; or indeed Francis, when thou wilt: But Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddioe garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne bastarde is your onelie drinke: for looke you Francis, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir; Poines. Francis.

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

Henry the Fourth.

Vint. What, standst thou still, and hearest such a looke to the Ghestes within. My Lord, old sir John w a dozen more, are at the dore, shall I let them in?

Prim. Let them alone awhile, & then open the dore.

Poines. Anone, anone sir.

Enter Poines.

Prim. Sirra, Faustaffe and the rest of the Theeues, a doore, shall we be merry?

Poim. As merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke ye cunning match haue you made with this iest of the I come, what's the issue?

Prim. I am now of al humors, that haue shewed th humors, since the old daies of good man Adam, to t age of this present Twelue a cloke at midnight, V clocke Francis?

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Prim. That euer this fellow should haue fewer wo a Parret, & yet the son of a Woman. His indultry is v and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a rec am not yet of Perceys mind, the Hotspur of the North kills me some 6 or 7. dozen of Scots at a breakfast, w hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life worke. O my sweet Harry sayes she! how many hast to day? Giue my Roan horse a drench (sayes he) and some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prech Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damnde Branne Dame Mortimer his wife. Rino, saies the drunkard: ca call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poines. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

Fals. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengea marry & Amen: giue me a cup of sack boy. E're I life long, Ile sow neather stocks, & mend them, & fo roo. A plague of all cowards; Giue me a cup of sacke, there no vertue extant?

Prim. Dost thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of but full hearted Titan that melted at the sweet tale of the thou didst, then behold that compound.

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